

Blow, Storm, Blow!

Rob Davis

to the tune of the Dutch shanty "Hand Over Hand"

See the waves rise and foretell the weather
See the waves rise and expect the storm
See the cloud form over far horizon
Braving all as you face Cape Horn.
Foam in your eyes as we round the headland
Spray in your face as we heave and haul
Deck underneath vibrates and trembles
Warning heard from the seabird's call.

Chorus

*Blow, storm, blow, storm, blow! All of us here can match your fury!
Blow, storm, blow, storm, blow! We'll tighten ship and go below!*

See the waves crash against the timbers
See the waves crash hard against the hull
See the spray fly over all the seamen
Working away at the haul and pull.
Hear the wind howl as she holds her course true
Steersman a'sweat as he grasps the wheel
All hatches fast as she rides the tempest
Roll, pitch and yaw to the sea's mad reel.

Chorus

Hear the waves thunder o'er far horizon
Hear the waves loud as they rise and fall
We'll bring her safe back to our port, boys
We'll keep her safe and we'll give our all.
Nothing the sea can throw against us
Nothing the storm can our lads dismay
For she's the finest ship we have, boys
Nobody here would trade today.

Chorus

Now the storm's done, and we're safely home, boys
Now the storm's done and we're tied up sound
All drink a toast to the mighty shipwrights
Who built a ship no storm could confound.
Raise up your tankard, drink the ale, boys

Raise up your tankard, drink anew
For she's the finest ship, we know, boys
And for sure – we're the finest crew!

Chorus twice